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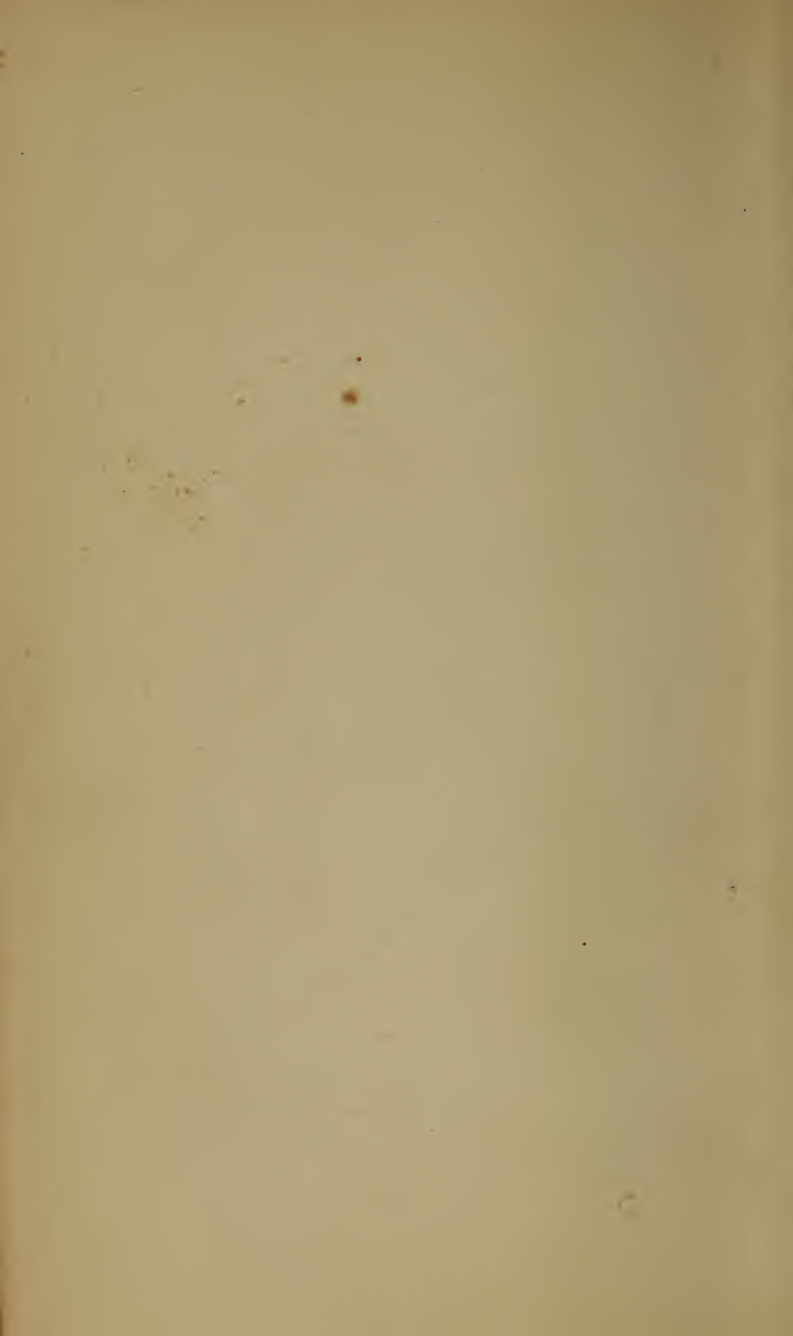
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







P O E M S .

BY

GEORGE H. CALVERT.



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P O E M S .



HOPE PROPHECIES TO MAN.

SEE Hope her glittering pinions plume,
Joy gushing from her eyes ;
As though she knew not of man's gloom,
Nor ever heard his cries.
Not fresher looks the dewy dawn,
Awakening perfumed May,
And calm, as though could ne'er be drawn
Storm's curtain o'er his day.

Hope has her throne upon the light,
That breaks from out the east ;
Behind her lowers still the night,
Before her night has ceased.
Thus riding on the ushering rays,
That greet the expectant earth,
She shares the glory that displays
Each morn at its great birth.

With light she comes, and light she brings ;
Without her what were Morn ?
Dull are the beams Day 'fore him flings,
To those with her are born.
The Sun his heavenly task might close,
And Earth in darkness grope ;
For life would sink in torture's throes,
Were man bereft of Hope.

And she has voices deeper still
Than for the single ear, —
Voices that tell, with heavenly will,
Humanity's career.
Who 's blest to hear them, sees arise
Such splendors in the van,
That, rapt in ecstasy, he cries,
HOPE PROPHECIES TO MAN.

ASPIRATION.

WERE we what we might be,
We 'd not look back with sadness ;
But the Past as brightly
Would shine as present gladness.

WERE we what we could be,
We 'd not look forward fearing ;
But the Future would be
As sunlight warm and cheering.

THE MARTYR'S MOTHER.

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE,
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

“FIRST strip his shoulders bare,
Then through the streets of Meaux
Scourge the cursed wretch, who 'd dare
More than his priest to know.

The scourging done, let the hot brand
Hiss on his brow from hangman's hand.”

Called priests of Christ were they,
The judges who thus spake ;
So darkened was the day,
That with Lord Jesus brake.
For Jesus said, " Love one another " ;
These loved themselves, and cursed their brother.

His hands behind him bound,
His back the martyr bent ;
His life-drops on the ground,
They marked the path he went.
Calmly as earth the wild storm's flashes,
Receives his soul the priest-bid lashes.

Like bloodhounds on a trail,
The yelling multitude,
With bitter, mocking hail,
His glorious track pursued.
The blinded crowd so seldom knows
Its benefactors from its foes.

But silent was the tear,
From bleeding hearts upsent,
For the brave teacher dear,
Their bondage who had rent.
And some, who yet had not the truth,
Deep groaned with fructifying ruth.

That soul-steeped look, — whence broke it ?
To his strong heart a balm ;
That valiant word, — who spoke it ?
It made his courage calm.
So look, so speak, could only one ;
A mother worthy of the son.

Ceases the blood-wet rod ;
The iron 's in the fire ;
I' the name of mercy's God,
Rome's priests will slake their ire.
The headsman's arm is up, — and now
The iron 's on the martyr's brow.

Like one fierce lightning streak
On the black calm of night,
On that hushed crowd a shriek
Fell with appalling might.
“Glory to Jesus Christ,” it cried,
“And all his witnesses !” and died.

The throng and soldiers melt,
Subdued, o'erwhelmed with awe ;
The priests, e'en they too felt
She was above their law.
A heart-voice tunes all to its mood,
So deep 's our bond of brotherhood.

Thus could a mother sing
For Christ and Truth that day ;
She, too, had quelled pain's sting.
The awed crowd give her way
To her humble hearth, the noble one :
In triumph followed her her son.

THE LOVED DEPARTED.

SOLEMN as their voices dying,
Silent as the graves they lie in,
Tender as a mother's yearnings,
Secret as a wife's heart-burnings,
Sweet as tears of the kind-hearted,
Are thoughts of the loved departed.

Now their aspects greet us cheerful,
Now with something sad or tearful ;
Still and mystic come their faces,
Hallowed by unearthly graces.
Welcome aye, whence ever darted,
Visions of the dear departed.

When least looked for come before us
These pure visions, to restore us, —
When a sordid passion 's scheming,
When with anger eyes are gleaming.
Blessed be whatever started
Memories of the loved departed.

DIDACTIC.



Health's temple is the body fair,
High miracle of art,
A perfect God-built palace, where
Strength, Beauty, each, full part
From Life may drink, that floweth there,
The fountain of the heart.
Keep pure and sweet, is Heaven's command,
This temple, thus divinely planned.

Within this temple is a light,
 And deep a holy well,
Kindled and nourished from the height
 Whence all beginnings swell.
Virtues and powers have they, so bright
 Their splendors none can tell.
If free the intellect and soul,
Man is a generous, joyous whole.

Let in its might the mind awake,
 It speaks the eternal law ;
Like sun-struck mists, Time's trammels break,
 Pale falsehoods faint with awe ;
While round them, Love, Truth, Beauty, shake
 The light from God they draw,
That lights to boundless liberty.
To earn this freedom, what do we ?

We blast our bodies with the ills
Of vice and ignorance born ;
Our minds we dwarf, we lame our wills,
Till e'en ourselves we scorn ;
Each one his breast with self o'erfills,
Making each one forlorn ;
And then, when woes thick on us burst,
We moan, — “ By fate and Heaven we 're curst.”

High intellect is lowly used
To glut unrighteous needs,
Its keenest edges roughly bruised
Upon hard, selfish deeds ;
The soul's warm wants are cold refused,
Stinted with meagre creeds ;
And then, by endless strifes outworn,
We wail, — “ Poor man was made to mourn.”

Disorder, by brute force strong bound,
Order and law we call,
And 'bout the reeking earthy mound
Religion 's made a wall ;
Thin theologic paps are ground,
To sweeten man-mixed gall ;
And heavenly earth thus made a hell,
We 'd save us by the old church-bell !

WHY ARE POETS SAD ?

Saw'st thou e'er the clean proportions,
 Schemed in fulness of thy soul,
Marred to look more like distortions
 Than the beauty of a whole ?
Heard'st thou e'er poetic passion,
 Music-wrought to thrill the heart,
Tamed by some insipid fashion,
 Or by players with false art ?
Hast thou ever, with the feeling
 That the ill might have been stayed,

Watched a loved one, while was stealing
 Death upon her like a shade ?
Who thwartings such as these has had,
May know why poets oft are sad.

Poets' lives are daily thwartings ;
 In their souls they bear such needs,
That to them are ceaseless smartings,
 What the world calls highest meeds.
Music sings in their heart-stirrings,
 That can find no earthly voice ;
Life's best actual forms are blurrings,
 To the beauty of their choice.
Man's great sorrows, with heart-feeling,
 Daily they in secret moan ;
From their eyes are often stealing
 For man's woes warm tears unknown.
No poet 's he who can be glad,
With so much round to make him sad.

BURNS.



QUIVERING with strength, from earth he springs ;
Defiant shouts his strange voice rings.
Gazing afar, like some lone tower,
His nostrils panting restless power,
His big eyes darting eager fire,
With rustic hand he strikes his lyre.

From the long sleep, so dreamless slept,
Scotland, like a roused laggard, leapt.
Rolls the clear tide of a new song
Through her heart's channels, void so long,
High swelling now, with lively beat,
To sounds so earnest, stirring, sweet.

With quickened pulse each bosom hears,
In tones that shift from mirth to tears,
And where, too, clarion notes are pealed,
Its inmost feeling bright revealed.
A nation's face, thus freshly wrought,
Beams with a smile of joyful thought.

Few years had passed since first was heard
That fiery heart's awakening word ;
Its mighty throb, that warm life sent
To million hearts, and with them blent
In rapturous unison, is still ;
Tranquil so soon in Death's pale chill.

Wasted ; by soul-sprung griefs outworn ;
By proud heart-struggles inly torn ;
Disconsolate, despairing, crushed ;
Before his time in misery hushed ;
Great Burns went early 'mongst the dead,
His eye still gleaming thoughts unsaid.

Could he have had but half his due,
Had half was felt and done been true,
His generous soul had then been soothed,
And timelier his last pillow smoothed.
Traduced, banned, poor, he died heart-broken, —
The noblest Scot that e'er has spoken.

He whose large will, if matched with power,
Had rained all gifts in ceaseless shower,
Who did give gifts but by those given
Endowed to bless the earth from Heaven, —
Thoughts to enrich all time to come, —
Earned his poor bread by gauging rum.

A noble man, divinely strung
For all the virtues he has sung,
Finds wrenched by lies into divorce
From good, man's pith, his feelings force ;
Is driven to the tavern's stench,
His brotherly yearnings there to quench.

Instead of honor, condescension ;
Instead of peace, hot, coarse contention ;
'Stead of high work fit for great souls,
He had the low, slow toil of moles ;
A victim of the falsehoods strong,
That make of men a scrambling throng.

Passions in him were lashed to madness,
That might have been a well of gladness ;
Sources of joy turned into sadness,
His very goodness into badness :
A strong man bound in the world's lies
And multiform hypocrisies.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED FOR A FEW LINES TO ACCOMPANY A CANARY
BIRD, SENT AS FROM A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

'T is only song can utter love,
Its agonies and blisses ;
For song, too, springeth from above,
Far, far from sin's abysses.

Alas for me ! I cannot sing,
 And yet love will be spoken :
O, for the poet's golden string !
 My heart will else be broken.

I 'll send my bird to speak my part,
 O, hearken to his singing !
And when 't would seem he 'd burst his heart,
 Think that with mine 't is ringing.

O, DREAM NO MORE !

O, dream no more of heavens to be !
Heaven is, within, around you ;
Wake from a selfish lethargy,
Where misty visions bound you.

Cease resting on a joy, to start
When first the grave shall press you ;
The throbbing, living, longing heart
Is full of joys to bless you.

O, dream no more of hells to be !

Hell 's here, around, within you :

What are the groans of imagery,

To those from earth that din you ?

Awake, and live ; 't is dawn at last :

Hark, how your brothers call you.

Awake, and love ; let go the past,

Shake off the hates that thrall you.

O, dream no more ! rouse up and be :

Make Love and Beauty bound you ;

And so at last humanity

Shall grow a heaven around you.

TO LITTLE MARY GRIFFIN,

GRANDDAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

SOLE scion of a noble breed !

Thy sparkling, laughing eyes
In dearest bosoms throw the seed
Of saddest memories.

Then quick thy wiles,
And roguish smiles,
Banish all miseries.

Joy-darting life and nimble grace
Thy blooming limbs enfold ;
More thoughts are struggling through thy face,
Than thy young eyes can hold.
May body's health,
And spirit's wealth,
Be aye, as now, foretold.

Thy merry voice makes glad the air,
While through thy tongue Hope sings ;
And from thy playful tresses fair
Joy leaps in sunny rings.
Beautiful child !
On thee be piled
All gifts that goodness brings !

Throughout thy grandsire's country wide,
Welcomed thou aye wilt be,

All hearts, for that brave death he died,
Thankful his child to see.
May thy grandsire's
Soul-lifting fires
Shine womanly in thee !

INVOCATION.

O THOU, who smilest in the Spring's glad bloom !
Whose love is dimly seen in good men's deeds !
Source of all life ! Mysterious, awful Presence !
Power beneficent ! Pour of thy grace
Upon my spirit, that would purely mount.
O, multiply in me the blessed moods,
When Beauty swathes me in her fiery wings,
And from all selfish thoughts upwafts me swift,
Through realms of growing light, towards the high
centre,
Where, in eternal fulgence mild, Truth dwells.

FREILIGRATH.

WHERE the old Rhine most proudly shows
His beauties and his grandeurs mild,
As by St. Goar's walls he flows,
And 'neath broad Rheinfels' wreck upiled,—
'T was there the poet simply dwelt,
And simply sang of what he felt.

I knew him there, and that sweet spot
Lay after in my memory's folds
More fragrantly, that 't was my lot
To meet there what one glad beholds, —
A gentle, modest man, God-gifted,
In world's wares low, by worth uplifted.

A frugal pension from his king,
Enough his bounded wants to sate,
Left him all free to roam and sing,
Thus duly honored by the state.
Thought-breeding spirits, in that land,
Are nourished from the public hand.

His image lived within my mind,
As drew him there his verse and mien ;
A man, kind, gentle, and refined,
A poet, whom 't were hard to wean
From quiet thought, and the calm moods
Mild natures love in fields and woods.

A few years passed ;— I was at home.

One day, as o'er some British leaves

My eye all listlessly did roam,

Suddenly to the page it cleaves,

Fixed by the poet's name, and reads

The story of his Muse and deeds.

At first the picture was the same

That I had laid within my breast ;

But soon, strange, startling words there came

Of flight, imprisonment, arrest.

By dread and wonder overpowered,

The tale I tremblingly devoured.

With beautiful dilation swelled

That stored-up image, as I learned

How he his wrath for years had quelled,

Had hushed the love wherewith he yearned ;

Hoping, with loyal, Christian trust,

That Prussia's king would yet be just.

That tranquil mien, that abstinence
From smiting words, from song-winged blows,
Was a pure soul's compelled defence.

Beneath, a patriot spirit glows,
That for one's country all would dare ;
The stronger, that it could forbear.

But when at last, by patient trial,
That vulgar king's low mind he knew,
That of sweet freedom the denial
The king from slavish instincts drew,
In stormy verse his ire he sped,
And from his home and pension fled.

In England now his bread he earns,
By daily, common, mindless toil ;
And sad, and silent, tearful turns
His eyes towards his far German soil ;
Yet thankful, too, that he is saved
From those hard tyrants whom he braved.

And faded now 's that image meek,
Dimmed by the splendors stern, that shine
Around the martyr's pallid cheek.

The gentle poet of the Rhine
His deeds a hero-bard avow ;
Whom then I loved, I reverence now.

Woe to the country such must fly !

Its core is foul with cankering blight ;
Its throne 's a gilded, brazen lie.

The poets are a people's light ;
As were a sunless firmament,
Is the cursed land whence they are sent.

THE LOST FOUND.

BEWAIL not time that thou hast lost,
Or days gone by and wasted ;
'T is losing time to be thus tost
By memories bitter-tasted.

But work the grateful Present so,
That some of what thou 'st planted
To bounteous strength and fruitage grow
And thanks, by brothers chanted.

'T is thus thou 'lt find those lost, sad days,
Bereft too of their sorrows ;
Our past bad debts there 's naught that pays,
But gold of rich to-morrows.

GIVE! GIVE!

THE sun gives ever ; so the earth,
What it can give, so much 't is worth.
The ocean gives in many ways, —
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.
So, too, the air, it gives us breath ;
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving ;
Who gives not is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped ;

Only by giving is it reaped.

The body withers, and the mind,

If pent in by a selfish rind.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,

Give love, give tears, and give thyself.

Give, give, be always giving ;

Who gives not is not living.

The more we give,

The more we live.

AGNES.

As birthday I will celebrate
The day when first I met her ;
From that 't is I my true life date,
So much to it I 'm debtor.
My heart I felt not till that day,
My head, too, I belied it ;
For what 's a head, in best array,
Without a heart to guide it.

O, take my life, but not my love ;

What were my life without her ?

No star with its linked sun can move

More true than I about her.

Darkling I 'd err, were she away ;

I 'm lost, were I to lose her ;

She is my light, she is my stay,

'Mongst millions I would choose her.

I WILL BE FREE.

Down ! superserviceable knave,
That basely yieldest all we crave,
False sprite, Self-flattery !
Protean imp ! though thou canst throw thee
Into all guises, now I know thee :
Down ! down ! I will be free.

And ye, who bring, so open, bold,
Your gifts of power, applause, and gold,
 To bribe my liberty ;
Millions you 've chained in hellish fires ;
Bold as ye be, ye all are liars :
 Avaunt ! I will be free.

Ye too, with wiles, and sweets, and charms
Full well I know ye and your harms,
 Ye spawn of luxury !
Ye carnal crew ! who calls you pleasures
Is false, or knows not your false measures
 Begone ! I will be free.

Hence all your honors, gawds, and pelf !
I 'll none of them ; I 'll be myself,
 And strive for liberty.
My soul ! be thou at last uprisen ;
Life shall no longer be a prison,
 With death its only key.

Spirits of beauty, love, and truth,
Potent to give perpetual youth,
 Come ye and bide with me.
In your celestial influence fold me,
And with your chastening strength uphold me :
 God ! help me to be free.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.



So weak our joys, so poor our lives,
That towards thy affluence of soul
Human conception vainly strives,
Seizing but fragments of the whole.

And we are glad ; we smile, we laugh ;
But thou didst weep, didst never smile ;
And so we deem, that thou didst quaff
Of naught but sorrows, deep or vile.

In that last awful ghastly scene,
Where Sin and Death danced in mad glee,
Our weakness makes thy sufferings keen ;
We groan in fleshly sympathy.

O, what to thee were torture's fangs ?
What death, to thy ecstatic mind ?
A tranquil dream were death's worst pangs ;
Thy pain was pity for mankind.

Earth's mists to earthly eyes bedim
The sun, that calmly glows above ;
Through mists we see the cross, and Him,
Calm with a strong pain-quenching love.

Will vanish then our sensual fears,
When we shall rise towards his pure living ;
Sweeter than our best joys were tears
Of him, whose life was one long giving.

THE BERNESE ALPS AT SUNSET.



YE mighty offspring of the strong young Time !
Gigantic brood of earth's primeval travail !
Before your silent, beaming majesty,
With strange delight, with solemn joy, I gaze,
The mind upmounting with your loftiness.
Sublimity makes such familiar haunt
Among your grandeurs manifold, that Beauty
Shrinks modest down, to nestle at your feet.
Ye are alone ; changeless, where all things change ;
Motionless 'midst the unceasing flow of life.

Scarce do ye bear an earthly stamp, but high
Ye lift your speechless, spotless heads, snow-
blazoned,

'Bove nether influence ; cleaving earthborn clouds,
That round your cold sides cling, like living arms
Around a corpse, insensate to their touch.

A mystery ye are ; and from the plane
And common of this world sudden ye rear

Your giant forms, 'midst time's recurring spans,
Fit emblems of eternity. Since first

From Zurich's humble hills your image loomed,
A heaven-suspended vision, on my sight,

Day upon day I 've journeyed towards ye, won-
dering ;

Till now I stand, awed, baffled, at your base.

Darkness fast fills the earth, but your white peaks
Glow in the sunshine. Telegraphs 'twixt worlds !

Your sky-ward fronts brighten the sun's last ray,
To me a herald from my far-off home.

A GORGEOUS SUNSET.

As wonderful and fresh to-day
Is this magnificent array
Of purpled light, as 't were the first
That quenched man's beauty-craving thirst.
Yet day ne'er died, but its last hour
Was soothed by like soft solar shower.
It is a promise, daily given,
To sickly, sorrowing Earth, by Heaven,
That pure and beautiful as this
Is yet to be her daily bliss.

ECHO FROM ITALY IN 1830.

HARK ! — 'T is past. Whence came that shivering
 sound ?

'T was the blast of tyrants ; France is bound.
 Still lower bend the knee,
 To deeper slavery,
 Woe-stricken Italy !

Ha ! — Again. A crash like deafening thunder !

'T is the chain of bondage rent asunder.

Exultant Italy,

With clanging symphony,

Sends back the maddening cry.

Hark ! — A shout of hosts comes o'er the sea !

'T is the rout of tyrants ; France is free.

The shout of victory,

Of joy and liberty,

Resounds through Italy.

REUBEN JAMES.

ON the deck, blood-soiled,
In a death-grip coiled,
The captains lay ;
Decatur up, — below, the Turk.
Fierce round them play
The Christian sword and Moslem dirk.
Above the hero's head
A scymitar keen flashes ;
An instant more, he 's sped :
Down the sharp weapon dashes.

To ward the blow,

To seize the foe,

Nor arm nor sword is there ; by stands
But one poor tar, maimed in both hands.

Down sweeps the Turkish glave, —
Decatur naught can save.

What cannot a brave heart ?

That tar, with a quick start,

Thrusts his young head between :

It takes the steel's deep seam.

'T was for a hero by a hero done :

Both must be great that deed so great be won.

Higher among heroic names

Stands thenceforth none than Reuben James.

SCENE BEFORE TRIPOLI.

[This poem was suggested by one of the many fine passages in Cooper's Naval History of the United States.]

A ROSIER flood of golden light,
 A livelier gush of melody,
 Told of a new earth-sent delight
 For Heaven's ceaseless jubilee.
 Joys none of purer holier birth
 Hath Heaven, than noble deeds on earth.
 Swift now the fire-eyed host
 Of warriors quit their post,
 And gathering,
 With flashing wing,
 On the deep nether bound of their blest home,
 Shone like a vast illuminated dome.

Like keenest lightning,
The broad day brightening,
Glittered that army radiant,
With bounding gladness jubilant.
A myriad throng there mustered,
In song-wove circles clustered,
Of every age and strand.
He who had sought
The hero's death ;
He who had wrought,
With gushing breath,
To build his fatherland ;
He whose faint ear,
On battle-fields lying,
Freedom's glad cheer
Had blest in his dying ;
He whom the might
Of duty had lifted,
With front upright,
By war to be rifted ;

The hearty ones, whose deaths have been
The births of deathless thoughts 'mongst men.
With jocund flight, they sped their way
Towards Afric's northern shore, where lay,
On the black level of a sunless sea,
Columbia's fleet, afront of Tripoli.
They gathered round one slender bark,
They smiled upon her starry banner ;
Her deadly cargo they did mark,
And as the men who were to man her
Each freely came with eager will,
A joy-born wave of richer light
Pulsed through the angelic host a thrill,
That flushed them more unearthly bright.

Hushed is the fleet ; a fearful deed 's to do.
All hearts are with that bark and her bold crew.
A low " God bless you ! " — seizure of the hand, —
A manly, tender look, — and the choice band

Have parted from their comrades. Fare ye well,
Ye brave, with SOMERS, WADSWORTH, ISRAEL !
Calmly and silent takes his station each :
Only who stay are moved. With warning speech,
Decatur, who for self ne'er danger spied,
Greets Somers ; and stout Preble's bosom sighed,
As from his sight quick glided in the gloom
The death-fraught vessel, onward to her doom.

Through the dark and solemn night,
Forth she slid like voiceless sprite.
On her deck, so dread and cheerless,
Thirteen hearts beat free and fearless.
Friends were behind them, foes before ;

Round and under,
War's black thunder

Slept till a spark should wake its roar.
But Heaven smiled in stars above ;

And deep within
Each heart's full rim

Glowed the strong fire of country's love.

Hushed deeper is the fleet. All eyes are one ;
All fastened to the lone " Intrepid's " path.
The wind is gauged, the time 't will take to run
To the Turk's cruisers, where will burst her wrath.
The bold bark's desperate goal she 'll quickly gain ;
The scene fore-paints itself on the strung brain : —

See SOMERS stand,
With fire in hand ;
His comrades ready,
No nerve unsteady :
The match is lighted ;
The crew, unfrighted,
(Naught of earth could shake them,)
To the boats betake them, —

Harshly is rent this hopeful dream.
Forth from the Moslem fort a stream
Gushes of flame ; quick then the ear
Is filled, too, by the cannoneer.
Stream upon stream ; with each a mate
Of thunder on the air doth grate.

Is broke this hot suspense

By what o'erwhelmed the sense.

One flash, as though all light were spent !

One crash, as though a sphere were rent !

Trembled the wars-men to their keels ;

Glared the dark sea, as thing that feels.

By that appalling light, each saw

His neighbour's visage blanched with awe.

The air collapsed, as though a wrench

Were made Earth's very life to quench.

Silence and Night, as fraught with general death,

Rush back, while Turk and Christian hold their
breath.

More slowly than when Ocean's homeward way

Is balked with calms, drag on the minutes now.

Keener than the fierce famished shark for prey,

Watches each silent ship from stern to prow.

Save when impetuous fancy cheats the hope
 With semblances of sound, nor eye nor ear
Can seize on aught within their tensest scope.
 As hours wear sadly on, night grows more drear.

Close to the water's edge the seamen creep,
 Striving to catch the stroke of muffled oar.
The hands that should have pulled them, on the deep,
 Where Courage keeps his state, will pull no more.

Gleams the high rocket ; booms the signal gun,
 Calling to SOMERS, WADSWORTH, ISRAEL.
The heavenward gleam points to the path they 've
 gone ;
 The cannon's helpful roar, — it is their knell.

None came to say, how died th' heroic band ;
 And Death and Night the fearful secret kept.
Shrieked mothers, sisters, wives, as from that strand
 Reached the dread tale, and a whole nation wept.

Gay as blossoms breeze-borne dancing,
Heavenward flew th' angelic host,
Swift as sunbeams earthward glancing,
Back to their empyreal post.

E'er that glare the fleet that daunted
Quick was swallowed by the night,
They their song of triumph chanted
Near th' eternal realms of light.

Linked in wreaths 'round heaven's portal,
With the lightsome grace of joy,
Hung that shining host immortal,
Heirs of bliss without alloy.

Backward then their vision darting,
In the nether darkness met,
Just from earth fresh upward starting,
What seemed stars in circle set.

Upward, upward, surely steering,
Sparkling with perennial ray,
Thirteen stars, all free careering
Upward to the heavenly day.

Now they near the blissful portal,
Brightening still as they advance ;
Now the exultant host immortal
Close them in with choral dance.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.



THE POETASTER.

WHAT is he like, a prosy versifier ?
Like a clipt goose he is, immersed in mire.
He could not fly, unclogged by any balk ;
Behampered thus, he cannot even walk.

“ GREAT STATESMEN.”

LIKE plummet in mid ocean sounding,
Like him who crystals would be rounding,
Are they who rule, and fashion laws, —
Things that are chiefly made of flaws.
And yet, men dub them great ; the while
Angels or weep, or pitying smile.
But why, blind as they are, why rail about them ?
The world 's so bad, it cannot do without them.

ISMS.

SAY, thoughtless skeptics, ye who doubt
The Devil's true existence,
What are these *isms* all about, —
What, but to God resistance ?
God's will is, that we aye should live
In union fraternal ;
But these bring hate, and mankind rive
With enmities infernal.
From one vile common parent spring
All *isms* with their schism ;
Born he of Satan's venom'd sting, —
The monster, EGOTISM.

THROUGH business' wastes and passion's fogs,
Men run their petty round ;
They make one think of little dogs,
Their noses to the ground.

PHILOSOPHERS say, in their deep-pondered books,
It were well if each man found his level.
Sage sirs, this is not quite so good as it looks,
For 't would send a whole host to the Devil.

RELIGION 's ever soiled and soiled
And by man's foulness hurt ;
The cleanest thing will be defiled
By contact with the dirt.

No carpenter so quick with rule,
To measure height and length,
As is a pert, self-ignorant fool,
To gauge a wise man's strength.

SONNETS.

ON THE FIFTY-FIFTH SONNET OF
SHAKSPEARE.

THE soul leaps up to hear this mighty sound
Of Shakspeare triumphing. With glistening eye,
Forward he sent his spirit, to espy
Time's gratitude, and catch the far rebound
Of fame from worlds unpeopled yet ; and, crowned
With brightening light through all futurity,
His image to behold up-reaching high,
'Mongst the world's benefactors most renowned.

Like to the ecstasy, by man unnamed,
The spheral music doth to Gods impart,
Was the deep joy that thou hast here proclaimed
Thy song's eternal echo gave thy heart.
O, the world thanks thee that thou 'st let us see,
Thou knew'st how great thou wast, how prized
to be !

TO THE STATUE OF EVE, BY POWERS.



Who that has had of beauteous womanhood
Translucent visions, in his holiest dreams,
Or when the abstracted, waking mind so teems
With images of beauty, that 't will brood,
In happiest silence, on the fertile mood
So deeply, till each outward thing but seems
Fantastic, while the flashing, inward gleams
Compound a loveliness that would be wooed

As a reality, — were such to come
Before thee, with a virgin joy, his soul,
Like a new spirit in Elysium,
Would gush with ecstasy, while from it roll
All memories of dreams or inward sight,
Paled by the fulgence of thy wondrous light.

FLORENCE, February 24th, 1842.

TO THE SAME.



THE Greeks — whose fresh imaginations blent
Spirit with form so richly in their youth
That Beauty wore the radiant crown of Truth,
And ever bodied forth some wise intent
Direct from Jove Minerva drew, and rent
His mighty brain, to give becoming birth
To Wisdom's Goddess, that her peerless worth
Might not be marred by dallying passion's vent.

Powers is a new Jove ; and on his brain
What has begot this perfect woman (who
Like Pallas shall breed thoughts of purest strain)
Is the young life his giant country drew
From heaven and her own soul, where no old art
Nor chains the soaring mind, nor chills the heart.

FLORENCE, March 4th, 1842.

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF MARYLAND,

DISCUSSING THE RESUMPTION OF PAYMENT.

Look in the face of God, who looks at you ;
And, like a cur before the lion's lair,
You 'll quake to speechlessness, or you will swear,
With soul-drawn valor, that you will be true.
But set your thought on high, you 'll feel what 's due
Unto yourselves and sons. But if you wear
An earthward look, you 're lost ; and we must bear
A load of shame not ages will subdue.

Freemen, it is the cause of liberty :
The able debtor is the basest slave.
O, ward us from a blighting infamy !
If the State WILLs, she CAN. He is a knave,
Who says she should not, whom we must despise,
And scorn, and loathe : who says she cannot, lies.

BALTIMORE, January 31st, 1844.

FROM GOETHE.

THE following translations are gleanings, and not selections, from Goethe's shorter poems. This golden field was harvested some years ago, by Mr. John S. Dwight, whose beautiful volume, "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller," is a model of what may be accomplished in poetical translation. But Goethe is so various, as well as so abundant, that he still leaves fruit for successive laborers.

In these few pages, the grace that ever attends his pen is perceptible even in the shortest pieces, and glimpses are had of the beauty and grandeur of his mind. But in them are chiefly exhibited the wit, the playfulness, and the practical wisdom of Goethe, presenting aspects of the genial, many-sided man, with which only such American and English readers are familiar as have access to him in German.

With the exception of one little piece, "The Hypochondriac," the translator has faithfully preserved the measures of the originals; a fidelity which is especially important in attempts to reproduce in another tongue the poetry of Goethe.

A CONFESSIOIN.



WHAT is hard to conceal ? — Fire.
By day, smoke shows it far and wide ;
By night, its flame, the monster dire.
Further, Love, too, is hard to hide.
However closely it be hidden,
Forth from the eyes it leaps unbidden.
A Poem is yet harder still ;
Put it 'neath a bushel no one will.

If that the poet has just done singing,
His whole soul will be with it ringing.
If neatly he has writ it down,
He 'd have it liked by all the town.
To each he reads it, loud and joyous ;
Whether it please us or annoy us.

SONGS.



CHRISTEL.

DEJECTED oft I feel, and low,
With inward, heavy pain ;
If then I to my Christel go,
Then all is well again.
I see her here, I see her there,
And still I cannot tell
Wherefore, or how, or when, or where
She pleases me so well.

Those black and roguish eyes of hers,
The eyebrows black above, —
One look therein my blood it stirs,
It lights my heart with love.
Has any one a mouth so sweet ?
Her cheek 's a rosy hill,
So round it is, and, ah ! so meet ;
No eye can look its fill.

And when I firm have clasped her waist
In the airy German dance,
Around we go in whirling haste, —
I thrill as in a trance.
And when she dizzy grows and warm,
I cradle her as we flee,
Upon my breast, within my arm, —
A kingdom 't is to me.

*

*

SWEETNESS OF SORROW.

DRY not up, dry not up,

Tears of eternal love !

Ah ! even to eyes that are but half dried,

How desert, how dead, the world to them seems !

Dry not up, dry not up,

Tears of unfortunate love !

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

THOU who dost in heaven bide,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
Him whom twofold woes betide
With a twofold solace fillest,
O, this tossing, let it cease !
What means all this pain, unrest ?
Soothing peace !
Come, O, come into my breast !

A DEFIANCE.



O, WERE I but as fair
As the maidens are inland !
They wear smart yellow hats all,
With rosy-ruddy band.

Believing that one fair is,
Surely is received ;
In the town, ah ! he said so,
And there I believed.

Now in spring-time, ah me !
All my joy, 'way it whirls ;
The girls they so win him
The brown country-girls.

And the waist and the skirt
I 'll change at a bound ;
The bodice is longer,
The jacket is round.

I will wear a straw hat,
And a spencer like snow,
And reap with the others,
Where clover-buds blow.

If he sees 'mongst the quire
Something pretty and trim,
The warm, roguish fellow,
He beckons me in.

And I go all ashamed ;
 He knows me not apace,
My cheek till he pinches,
 And sees then my face.

The town-maiden threats
 You girls an affray ;
And charms that are double
 Will carry the day.

HYMN OF THE ARCHANGELS.

FROM THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN, IN FAUST.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun in wonted guise is sounding
In brother-spheres the rival song,
And on his destined path is bounding
With thunder-movement bright along ;
His aspect angels vigor lendeth,
Though none his being fathom may ;
The works, whose might all thought transcendeth,
Are grand as on creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift the earth is streaming,
 With gorgeous change, so dark, so bright ;
In hues of paradise now beaming,
 And now wrapt deep in gloom of night.
The sea, 'gainst rushing rivers striving,
 On rocks upheaves its foam and wrath ;
And rock and sea are onward driving
 Eternally in heaven's path.

MICHAEL.

And storms in conflict wild are pouring
 From land to sea, from sea to land ;
And form, while raging fierce and roaring,
 Of deepest action one close band.
There lightning's vivid flash is glaring
 Before the coming thunder hoarse ;
But these, O Lord ! thy orders bearing,
 Revere the universe's course.

ALL THREE.

The aspect angels vigor lendeth,
Though none thy being fathom may ;
Thy works, whose might all thought transcendeth,
Are grand as on creation's day.

PROVERBIAL.

FLEE to the furthest bound ; go where
The smallest frontier cabin reaches ;
What boots it thee ? thou findest there
Tobacco still, and evil speeches.

BUT do what 's right in thy affairs,
The rest 's done for thee unawares.

I EGOIST ! not so, I wist.
Envy, he is the egoist.
The many roads that I have gone,
On envy's path has found me none.

MUCH already thou hast done,
When habit of patience thou hast won.

NOTHING could make me deeper moan,
Than being in Paradise alone.

LET me do, it is my hest,
Aye some end pursuing :
The rich heart, it cannot rest ;
Always 't will be doing.

How pat would all things be, and nice,
If we could only do them twice.

A THOUSAND flies at night I slay ;
Yet wakes me one at earliest day.

THE tender poem, like the rainbow's arc,
Can only bloom on a ground that 's dark.
Thence poets love, though not sad wholly,
The element of melancholy.

THE chestnuts, if too long they burn,
All into coals are sure to turn.

To sweetly remember, and finely to think,
Is tasting of life at its deep, inmost brink.

Who, then, is the sovereign Man ?
That is quickly said :
He whom no one hinder can,
Be his aim or good or bad.

Who right will do alway and with zest,
Let him harbour true love in thought and breast.

At first hand,
Understand
What 't is the world takes ill of thee :
It asks not soul, it asks civility.

Who quick resolves doth make,
He 's brave and bold, I cry.
He jumps into the lake,
Out of the rain to fly.

DOUBLY gives who quick gives ;
Hundredfold who quick gives
What one wants and loves.*

* I subjoin the original as a curious exemplification of the family likeness between the German and English languages :—

Doppelt giebt wer gleich giebt ;
Hundertfach der gleich giebt
Was man wünscht und liebt.

KNOW thou thyself. For that what were my pay ?
Know I myself, quick must I run away.
'T were just as if, at a masquerade ball,
I from my face should my mask let fall.

WHEN likest thou best to stoop ?
A spring-flower for thy love to pluck.

WHO 's he who Fortune's highest palm has won ?
Who joyful does, and joys in what he 's done.

DIVIDE and rule, — strong words indeed.
But better still, — unite and lead.

No greater merit do I know,
Than to allow that of the foe.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

TOTALITY.

A GENTLEMAN of head and heart
Is welcome everywhere ;
With subtile wit and jestings smart,
He captivates the fair.
But if he wants both strength and fist,
Who shields his seat of wit ?
And if his hinder parts are missed,
How can the good man sit ?

ORIGINALITY.

ONE says, — “ I ’m not of any school ;
No living master gives me rule :
Nor do I in the old tracks tread ;
I scorn to learn aught from the dead.”
Which means, if I have not mistook,
“ I am an ass on my own hook.”

ADVICE.

AND so you ’ll no denial take :
Advice you ask ; that I can give :
But, only for my quiet’s sake,
Promise that you wont by it live.

HUMILITY.

WHEN I the masters' works look on,
I see then that which they have done :
When I behold my motley crew,
I see what 't was I had to do.

OLD AGE.

AGE is polite ; with time's sure lapse,
Often and oft he gently taps ;
To say, " Come in," can no one bide.
Now he 's not one to stay outside ;
He lifts the latch, and quick the door
Is past : all cry, — An ill-bred boor !

TO BE GOOD, AN EGG MUST BE FRESH.

ENTHUSIASM, the which blood stirs,
Is like the oyster, my good sirs.
Only when fresh is 't good to eat,
For else, 't is but indifferent meat.
Enthusiasm is n't herring-wares,
That 's salted up for after years.

MY CHOICE.

I LIKE the best the kindly man,
'Mongst all the guests that I could name,
Who make game of himself, too, can ;
Who cannot, is himself not game.

EXAMPLE.

WHENEVER I impatient grow,
Earth's patience to my mind I show,
Which, as we 're told, turns daily round,
And travels yearly the same ground.
For what else, then, am I placed here ?
I follow my good mother dear.

EQUALITY.

FOR what is greatest no one strives,
But each one envies others' lives :
The worst of enviers is the elf
Who thinks that all are like himself.

PANACEA.

“ SAY, how dost thou ever and ever thyself re-
new ? ”

The same canst thou, if to the great thou 'lt ever
be true.

The great remains fresh, warming, and lifts up the
will ;

Whilst in the little shakes the little with a chill.

THE BEST.

WHEN in thy head and heart it stirs,
How bettered could thy doom be ?
Who no more loves and no more errs
Had better in his tomb be.

COMPANY.

FROM a large company, where he had spent
An evening, home a quiet *savant* went.
His friends asked how he liked it; he decreed them
This answer, — “Were they books, I would not
read them.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SPOT was seeking Love's keen smart,
A dreary and a lonely space ;
It came across my desert heart
And nestled in the empty place.

As guides by land and sea,
God set the stars on high ;
That they our joy may be,
Aye looking to the sky.

WHEN all hope and help desert you,
And you wail, depressed, heart-broken,
There is still a healing virtue
In a word that 's kindly spoken.

Do thou good for the love of good :
Deliver this unto thy blood.
If naught stays with thy children of it,
Thy children's children yet 't will profit.

BE never thou, whatever haps,
Seduced to contradict ;
The wisest into ignorance lapse,
Who with the unwise conflict.

ENWERI says 't,— one of God's noblest creatures,
Who knows of heart and head the deep'st, best
features, —

In all times, places, your account you 'll find
In tolerance, judgment, and an upright mind.

Who would not be at the mercy of a thief
Conceals his gold, his goings, and belief.

A PARABLE.

WHEN I to the market hie
 Through the throng,
And the pretty maiden spy
 The crowd among ;
Go I here, she comes to me,
 But above ;
No one can about us see
 How we love.

“ Old man, wilt thou ne'er be quiet !

Ever maiden !

In the time of youthful riot,

'T was a Katechen.

Who is 't now makes thy days sweet ?

Say, old youth.”

Look there how she me doth greet, —

It is TRUTH.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.



THE Devil take all human kind !
They are enough to craze one !
Then stoutly I make up my mind,
No creature e'er I 'll gaze on.
I 'll let the world go its own pace,
And to the Devil leave it.
Scarce do I see a human face,
I love it, would relieve it.

FIVE THINGS.



FRIENDSHIP wont grow within the breast of pride ;
Ill-bred are they who aye with lowness bide ;
Unto no greatness can attain a knave ;
Envy to weakness never pity gave ;
In vain for truth and faith the liar looks ;
These let thy mind hold fast with its best hooks.

FIVE OTHER THINGS.



WHAT makes the time pass quickly ?

Activity.

What long and heavy both ?

What else but sloth.

What doth debts create ?

To bear and wait.

What brings rich gains along ?

Not to think long.

What doth honors collect ?

Self-respect.

A REVIEWER.

To dinner once I had a lout ;
It happened not to put me out,
I gave him just my common dinner ;
He ate like any hungry sinner.
Of what I gave him with good-will,
Scarce had the fellow got his fill,

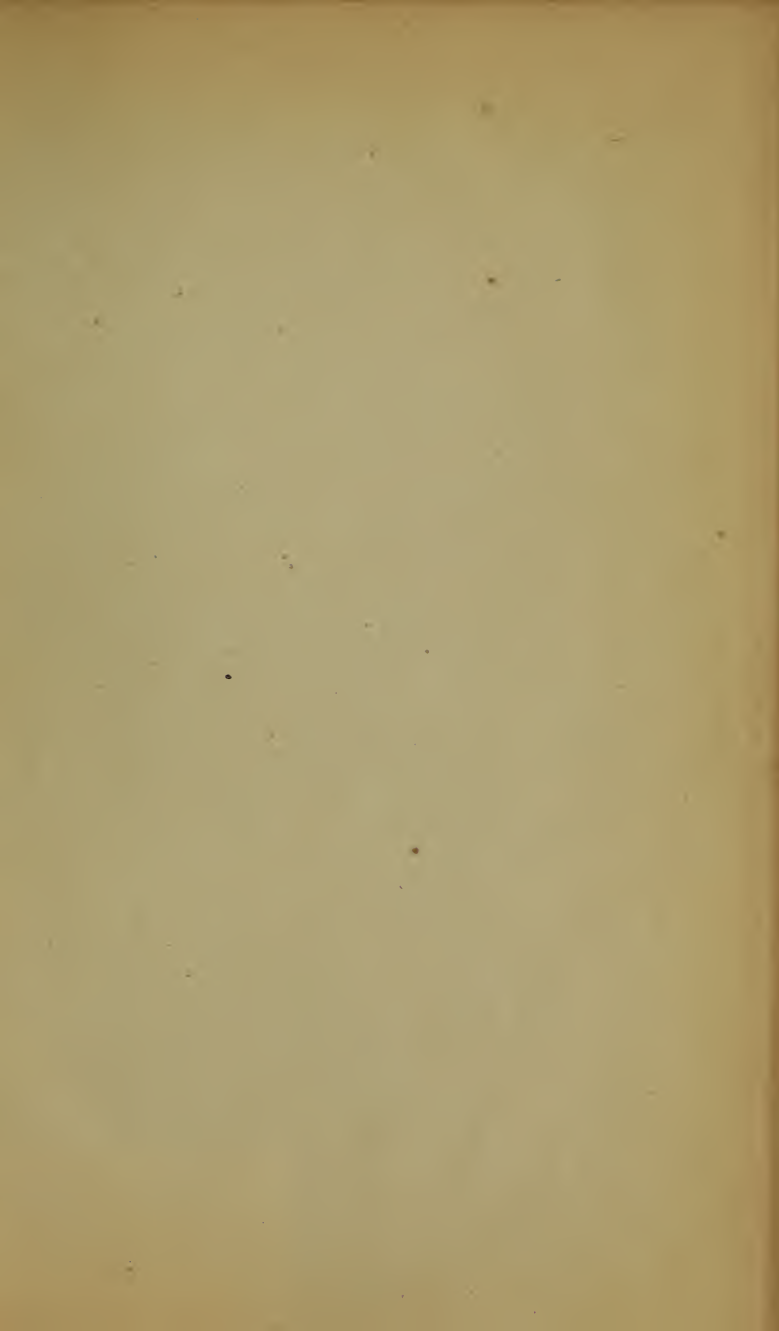
The Devil led him to a neighbour,
To talk there 'bout my dinner's savour.
“ Soup might have been more spiced,” he told,
“ Browner the roast, the wine more old.”
Pots tausend, pin him with a skewer,
Strike the dog dead, — 't is a Reviewer.

THE END.









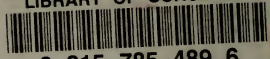
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